

THE
WILLIAM R. PERKINS
LIBRARY
OF
DUKE UNIVERSITY



Rare Books

LIBRARY



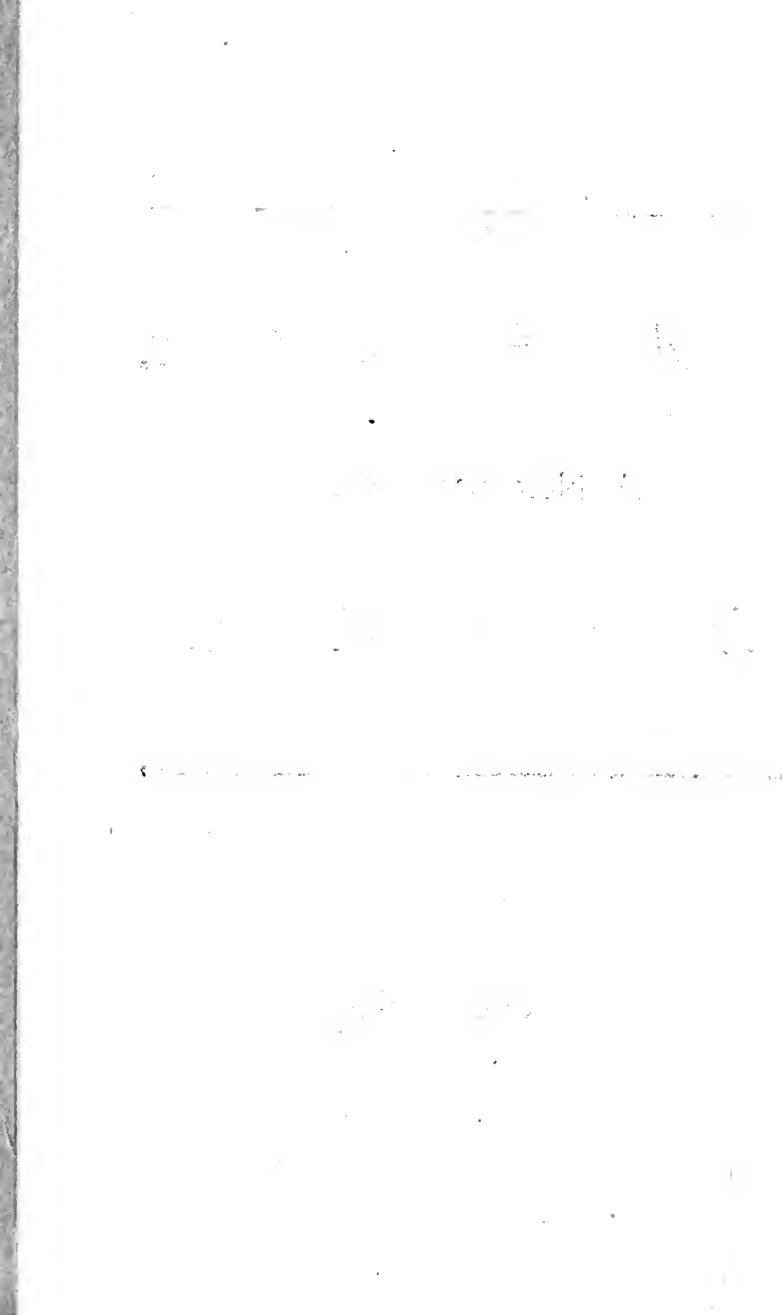
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

A M E L I A.

A New ENGLISH

O P E R A.

[Price One Shilling.]



A M E L I A.

A New ENGLISH

O P E R A,

As it is Perform'd at the

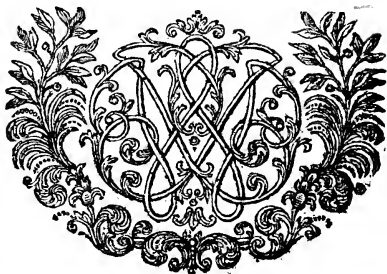
NEW THEATRE *in the* HAY-MARKET,

After the *ITALIAN* Manner.

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE.

Henry Carey

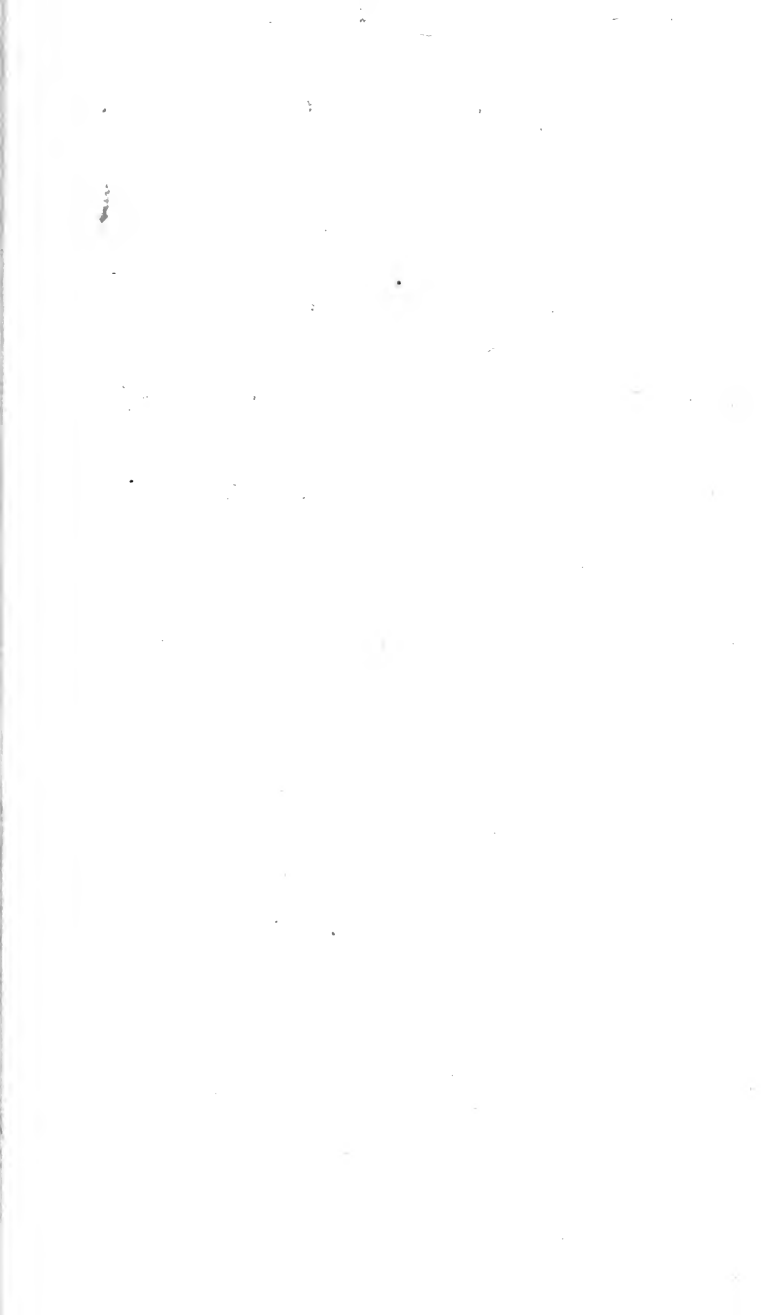


L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXII.

[Price One Shilling.]





RBR
C332A

THE
A R G U M E N T.

CASIMIR, Prince and General of the Hungarian Army, being unfortunately defeated in a War between him and Osmyn Grand Visier of the Turks, is taken Prisoner. Upon the Arrival of this unhappy News, Amelia, Casimir's Wife, resolves to try all possible Means to effect his Redemption; accordingly she advises Rodulpho a young Prince, and an intimate Friend of Casimir, to dress himself in a Turkish Habit, and present her to Osmyn as a Captive taken by him, imagining that if she could be brought into the Presence of the Grand Visier, he would be so deeply captivated with her Beauty, that she could easily induce him to grant any Favour, upon a seeming Condescension to any thing he should ask of her in return: With this View she is carried to Osmyn, upon whom she had the Influence

fluence she promis'd herself, and compleated the Redemption of her Husband. Amelia having thus successfully obtained her desired Ends, soon after meeting with a good Opportunity, when Osmyn was engaged in other Affairs, makes her Escape with Rodulpho by Night, and disappoints the Grand Visier of his Expectation. Augusta, Casimir's Sister, all this while missing Amelia, and Rodulpho her Lover, supposes they are gone upon some vicious Design; and Casimir himself not finding them at home at his Return, concurs with her in the same Opinion, so that upon her coming back they meet with a Reception much contrary to what they might naturally hope for after so dangerous an Adventure, being both instantly put into Confinement: Amelia so highly resents this undeserved Usage, that she advises Rodulpho not to give Casimir any immediate Satisfaction about their Undertakings; but Rodulpho finding that such a Delay would be of dangerous Consequence (a Day being already fix'd for their Execution) resolves to conceal it

The ARGUMENT.

no longer, but in a Letter to Casimir gives a genuine Account of all their Proceedings, the Truth of which he is so well convinced of, that he is instantly reconciled to both his Deliverers, and gives Augusta to Rodulpho in Marriage as a Gratitude for his extraordinary Friendship.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Osmyrn, <i>Grand Visier, Commander of the Turks.</i>	}	Mr. Waltz.
Casimir, <i>Prince and General of the Hungarian Army.</i>	}	Mr. Kelly.
Rodulpho, <i>his Friend, in Love with Augusta.</i>	}	Mr. Snider.

W O M E N.

Amelia, <i>Wife of Casimir.</i>		Miss Arne.
Augusta, <i>Sister to Casimir, in Love with Rodulpho.</i>	}	Mrs. Mason.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE *the Frontiers of Hungaria
towards Turkey.*



A M E L I A.

A New ENGLISH

O P E R A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A spacious Country.*

Osmyn at the Head of the Turkish Army.

HERE let the wearied Army rest awhile,
That ere we farther march,
We may have time sedately to consult
The Measures necessary to be taken
To make the *Turks* victorious;
Then nought remains, but with undaunted Courage
To prosecute our Scheme.

What Toil! what Danger! and what Care!

To Glory lead the Way:

Commanded by the God of War,

The Brave with Joy obey.

B

[Exeunt.
S C E N E

SCENE II. *A Court before Casimir's Palace.*

Casimir, Amelia, Augusta, and Rodulpho.

Amelia to Casimir.

*O let me die, while yet I see
The Comfort of my Heart;
For worse than instant Death 'twill be
From thee, my Love, to part.*

Casim. Weep not, *Amelia*,
My Country's Safety loudly calls me hence,
And I must now inevitably leave thee:
How can these Eyes behold *Hungaria* ravag'd
By bold invading *Turks*?
No, Heaven is Guardian of our righteous Cause,
And *Casimir* its Instrument of Vengeance.
Farewel, my Dear, till Conquest brings me back,
To lay my Laurels at *Amelia's* Feet.
[*To Rod.*] *Rodulpho*! I intrust thee with a Charge
Dearer to me than all terrestrial Blessings,
My Sister, and my Wife:
Attest your Friendship by a faithful Care.
Once more farewel, my Friend and Sister;
And oh my dearest Wife! farewel.

*What Heart can help bleeding, my Charmer!
To leave one so virtuous and fair;
Sure Heav'n will let nothing alarm her,
But make her, for my sake, its Care.*

[*Exeunt Casimir and Amelia different ways.*]

S C E N E III.

Augusta and Rodulpho.

Aug. Oh what a dismal Day is this, *Rodulpho!*

Rod. Despair not, Princess, of your Brother's Safety;
Am not I almost equally concern'd?

To *Casimir* my Friendship is so great,
That, but for your dear Sake,
Arm'd by his Side with Pleasure would I march
To shield him, and to share with him the Danger.

Aug. Are you already weary of your Charge?
Go, follow him, it is not yet too late,
I need not your Protection.

Leave me, leave me,

Don't deceive me:

Faithless Lover!

I discover

That another has your Heart.

All your Smiling

Is beguiling,

All your Passion

Affectation,

Go, I see through all your Art.

Rod. You wrong me, fair *Augusta*;
Can you condemn my real Friendship
To him, whom you so dearly value?
You are the only one of all the Sex

That ever gain'd my Heart :

Why would you then torment me thus,

And wound me with such undeserv'd Reproaches?

Friendship, Glory, I disdain,

Thee, my Charmer, to obtain :

Who can other Beauties prize

That has seen those conqu'ring Eyes?

Wrong not then my Flame sincere,

By Suspicion too severe,

Since 'tis past all Pow'r to move

The Ardour of my constant Love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Prospect of the Turkish Camp,*

Osmyn, Officers, Guards, and Attendants,

Osmyn. Be this the Day appointed

To rush with Fury on our Christian Foes.

Now, now, my Mussulmen, exert your Courage;

Those, who in this Engagement fall,

Will be abundantly rewarded

With the eternal Joys of Paradise :

The rest with Spoil and Conquest will return.

Inseparable Blessings thus attend us,

Whether we live or die,

We're sure of Happiness.

I'll destroy the proud Foe in his Glory,

From our Presence he shall fly,

For I'll conquer or die,

To dubious Fear I am a Stranger :

Let

*Let all be so brave, that the Story
May be noted by Fame,
From the Ganges to Thame,
And equal the Height of our Danger. [Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Rodulpho and Amelia.

Rod. Oh Princess! why this solemn Face of Mourning?

Provoke not Providence by your Distrust;
'Tis time enough to grieve when there's Occasion.

Amel. I feel a secret Boding in my Soul,
A thousand dismal Apprehensions
By turns torment, and rob me of my Rest.

*Distracting Fears,
Tormenting Cares,
Perplex my doubtful Mind;
Till his Return,
For whom I mourn,
No Pleasure can I find.*

Rod. [to *Amel.*] Stop this Effusion of your Tears,
my Princess!

Your Hope for *Casimir's* good Success
Should over-weigh the Balance of your Grief.

Enter Augusta, behind.

Aug. So close! so kind!
'Tis proper to observe them.

Amel.

Amel. Rodulpho! Well I know your hearty
Wishes,

But still the Immenfeness of my Passion
Extends to a far greater Pitch,
Than you can think, or I exprefs.

Aug. So very fond! confound her, O ye Gods!
Rodulpho to Amelia.

*Ob let not Fears,
Or anxious Cares,
The fair Amelia discontent;
For soon we may
Expect the Day,
Which shall our mutual Joy cement.*

[Exeunt Rod. and Amel.]

SCENE VI.

Augusta alone.

A faithful Friend!

A chaste and virtuous Wife!

Is this the Lover has so often vow'd

Eternal Constancy to me?

Is this the Wife so generally fam'd

For exemplary Goodness?

How is my Brother and my self abus'd!

But he shall know, and I'll revenge their Infidelity.

Vengeance! Vengeance! swift overtake 'em,

May they never more be blest!

May the Gods as wretched make them,

As they've render'd me distress'd.

Rise,

*Rise, ye fierce infernal Legions,
 From the dismal Shades below!
 Bear 'em to your darksome Regions,
 Plunge 'em deep in endless Woe.*

[Exit.

S C E N E VII. *A Pavilion.*

Osmyn, with Attendants.

Osmyn. At length the Sultan's Arms

Have prov'd triumphant,

And Conquest is the Premium of our Courage.

Bring forth the once renowned *Casimir*,

Now *Osmyn's* Captive, and the Sultan's Slave.

[*Casimir enters in Chains.*

Well, *Casimir*! you see the Fate of War

Is now decided in our Favour;

These Chains are not to be compar'd

With the Severities I can inflict,

Unless, upon the Terms I shall propose,

You purchase your Redemption.

Casim. *Osmyn*! I rather choose to die,

Than on inglorious Terms to purchase Life,

For Death is welcome after this Defeat.

Osmyn. Christian! 'tis vain to hope immediate Death,

For I'll consummate my Revenge

By a Protraction of thy Misery:

Were we to live the Series of an Age,

My Vengeance then would be the more compleat.

The

*The Eagle with its Prey,
Through Æther cuts his way,
Retaining fast his trembling Prize;
With a relentless Breast,
He bears him to his Nest,
And makes him there a Sacrifice.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. *A Room.*

Amelia and Rodulpho.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Amel. [to Mess.] Let me not hear you speak,
Your Looks at once declare
That you're the Bearer of unwelcome News:
Give me the Letter.

[*Reads, and swoons, Rodulpho runs to her.*

Rod. Dearest *Amelia* !

Why this sudden Change?

Enter Augusta, aside.

Aug. A very kind Embrace !

Amel. Give me the Letter, 'tis no doubt the last
That I shall from my dearest Lord receive.

Come, sad Companion of eternal Grief!

Let Floods of Tears to Sorrow give Relief.

I'll read and kiss thee all the tedious Day,

And o'er thee weep till Sight is wept away.

[Exit *Amel.*

Rod.

Rod. Lovely *Augusta*, follow your sad Sister,
And try to comfort her in this Affliction.

Aug. No.

I have too many Sorrows of my own,
You best can sooth her Anguish :
Leave me to my self.

Rod. I cannot leave you thus.

Aug. I will be left, this is no time
For idle Compliments. [Exit Rodolpho,

That all succeeding Times
May shun such monstrous Crimes;
Ye Gods, exert your Power
On all who thus offend,
Let fiery wrath descend
In an unbounded Shower.

The End of the First Act.





A M E L I A.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Osmyn's Pavilion.

Casimir, *chain'd at the Entry.*

Enter Rodulpho in a Turkish Habit, with Amelia, likewise disguised.

R O D U L P H O.



HUS far, dread Princess!
I have with due Fidelity attended,
Nor is there any Danger in this World,
Thro' which I would not venture for
your sake,

Yet still deliberate once more with Caution
The Perils of this Undertaking.

Amel. No more Objections:

I'm

I'm positive to follow my Intentions,
Or join with me, or leave me to my self.

Rod. 'Twas not on my Account, but yours,
That I was first induc'd to offer
The well-intended, ill-receiv'd Advice.

Amel. Rodulpho! Well you know my sad Mis-
fortunes,
I'm just distracted with a deep Despair;
Can you not then excuse the harsh Expression?

Rod. Behold yon Wretch that's grov'ling on the
Ground.

Amel. By all my Hopes of Happiness, my Hus-
band!

[*Amelia running towards Casimir, Rodulpho
withholding her.*]

Rod. For Heaven's sake, be not precipitate,
This is no Season for Discovery.

Amel. O *Rodulpho!* how can I behold him!
And be prohibited from speaking to him.

Rod. Observe you not a Party near approaching?
We're ruin'd if suspected.

*So the gentle Turtle-Dove
Bemoans her hapless Captive Love,
When in the Fowler's Snare:
She strives to free him, but in vain,
And hovers round, and round again,
Then drops, kill'd by Despair.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Gallery.*

Augusta, with Attendants.

Aug. What, gone! impossible! it cannot be;
To leave the Palace thus at Dead of Night;
Oh false *Rodulpho*!
Traitor to Friendship, Gratitude, and Love!
But much more false *Amelia*!
The faithless Spouse of a distressed Husband:
This Conduct will imprint a greater Wound,
Than his Defeat and Loss of Liberty.

*To see such Woes dear Casimir oppress,
And slighted by a faithless Wife,
Fills all my Soul with exquisite Distress,
And makes me weary of this Life.
But as an Instance of the cordial Love
I to my injur'd Brother bear,
I'll by th' immortal Pow'rs that rule above,
To Justice bring the guilty Pair.* [Exit.

SCENE III. *Osmyn's Pavilion. Casimir at the Entry, as before.*

Osmyn, Rodulpho, and Amelia.

Osmyn. [to Rod.] Tell me, my Muffulman,
By what happy Chance

Thou

Thou didst obtain this matchless Beauty?

Rod. On an Escort for Forage near the City,
I seiz'd this lovely Christian,
By whose majestick Looks inspir'd with Awe,
I made a solemn Vow to bring her spotless
To the victorious *Osmyn*.

Osm. This pleasing Instance of thy Loyalty
Shall e'er be graciously remembred,
And thou shalt always be our chief Attendant.
[*To Amel.*] Say, beauteous Christian,
Why thus in Sorrow droops that lovely Head?
Thou art not fall'n into Barbarian Hands,
Nor wilt thou find us hideous, as we're painted.

Amel. *The Youngling ravish'd from its Nest,*

Expos'd to Danger stands,

But Joy soon warms its panting Breast,

When fall'n in gentle Hands.

Little, alas! did I believe

My Life would be restor'd

By your dread Pow'r, which most conceive

Is not to be implor'd.

[*Exeunt Osmyn, Amelia, and Rodulpho.*]

S C E N E IV.

Casimir alone.

O for a deadly Instrument, to end
This most accursed Life!

Since

Since what I now endure is past Forbearance.
 No more; it is resolv'd, I'll so provoke him,
 That he must kill me, if he has yet remaining
 One Spark of Manhood or Repentment.

*The furious Tiger for a while kept under,
 Rouses at last, and bursts his Chains asunder;
 Inspir'd with double Rage he flies
 Upon his Foes, and self-avenging dies.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Osmyn, Amelia, and Rodulpho.

Osm. Joy of my Heart! the longer I converse,
 The more I'm ravish'd and delighted
 With thy incomparable Wisdom.
 Thou hast a Soul more beauteous than thy Form,
 Nor can I live without the blest Enjoyment
 Of both those excellent Perfections.

*Lovely Creature! while I'm gazing,
 Ev'ry Feature more amazing,
 All my Soul with Raptures charm.
 If such Pleasure's in beholding,
 Oh the Transport of infolding
 So much Beauty in my Arms!*

[Going on, Casimir obstructs 'em.

Osm. Darest thou obstruct my Way?
 Dispatch him straight for his Presumption;
 Sever his Head from his detested Body.

[Guards go to kill Casimir, Amelia interposes.
Amel.

Amel. Make here your Way, for such a Sight
These Eyes can never bear.

[*To Osm.*] Is this your boasted Mildness?
What from your Fury may not I expect
By this Example of your Cruelty?

How can you vainly thus pretend

To love, when yet you hate?

For if I should but once offend,

I see my instant Fate:

Pity and Love to Heaven ally'd,

Engross the Godlike Breast,

Where Pity's Entrance is deny'd,

There Love can never rest.

Osm. At your Request he lives,
But we'll no longer stay
To hear his Insults,
And repent our Mercy.

Amel. You say you love me, let me be convinced

You plainly do, by condescending
To reinstate the Christian in his Liberty;
For I am shock'd at this Barbarity,
And while my Soul with Horrour overflows,
I cannot think of Love.

Osm. What is it for your sake
I would not grant?
But he's my Enemy avow'd;
To give him Freedom is to make him able

To war against us yet a second time;
 Ask any other Proof of my Affection,
 And my Compliance waits on your Request.

Amel. Too well I am satisfy'd with one Repulse;
 I shall but ask again to be denied.

[*To Rod.*] What shall I do in this Perplexity?

Rod. Deny her not this Instance of your Favour,
 It will remove the Terrour of her Mind,
 If you release him.

Osm. Such is the Ardour of my Passion,
 That I'll engage her at the dearest Rate.

[*To her.*] To let you see, my Charmer!

I give your Love the preference,
 Above all other Views whatsoever,
 At your immediate Intercession,
 This Christian has his Liberty restor'd;
 I only ask the Tribute of your Heart,
 As a Return of Gratitude.

Amel. *Who would not with Gladness surrender,
 A Heart to a Lover so tender,
 Whose Actions his Passion declare?
 Assist me, bright Goddess of Beauty!
 And Cupid! instruct me my Duty,
 To make all his Wishes my Care.*

[*Osm. to Cas.*] Christian,
 At the Request of this celestial Creature,
 You have your Life and Liberty.

Caf. Angel of Goodness!

That from the deep Abyss of Desperation
Has call'd me forth to Life again,
Once more to come to my *Amelia's* Arms.

Osm. No more, we will not hear your tedious
Thanks ;

Your Presence only aggravates my Wrath ;
So fly while you have free Permission.

Casim. *To the Arms of my Dearest I'm flying,
Who doubtless with Sorrow is dying ;
Despairing to see me again,
Above all the World I adore her ;
O how will my Presence restore her !
And ease her disconsolate Pain !*

[Exit *Casimir*.

S C E N E VI.

Osmyn, Amelia.

Osm. Now, the delightful Object of my Soul !
Remains there any Favour yet unask'd,
That you can wish, or I confer ?

Amel. Victorious *Osmyn* !

I need no other proof of your Affection.

Osm. *To one so fair and kind,*

Amel. *To such a generous Mind,*

Both. *Surpassing all Treasure,*

Who would not with Pleasure

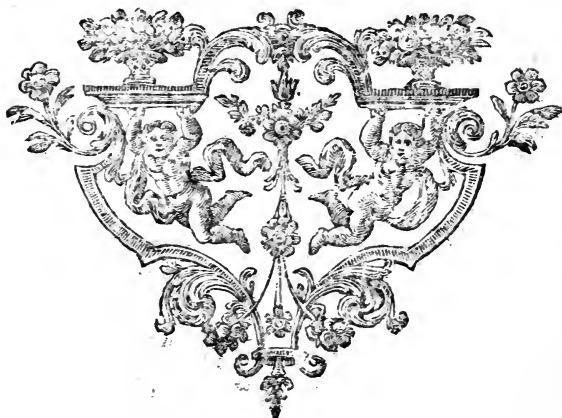
A Heart sincere resign !

Ofm. *I ne'er can leave thee,*

Amel. *I'll ne'er deceive thee,*

Both. *For ever I am thine.*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT



A M E L I A.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Casimir's Palace.

Augusta alone.

A U G U S T A.

Brother injured lost!

A Sister false!

A Traitor doubly so to Heaven and me!

Why do I yet survive?

Welcome Resolution!

Guide thou with friendly Force

My trembling Hand,

And with this Poignard

Fathom all my Woes.

[Offers to kill herself.]

S C E N E II.

Casimir enters.

Cas. Why, with uplifted Arms and pointed
Steel,
Seek'st thou, *Augusta*, to destroy
A Life that's not thy own?

Aug. Ye Gods, it is my dear, my injured Brother!

O *Casimir*, this is a dismal Meeting!

Cas. Is this my welcome?
What is the meaning of this odd Reception?

Aug. Ask me not,
Too soon, alas, you'll learn
The woeful Reason.

Cas. Distract me not, but tell me where's *Amelia*?

Aug. Would she were dead.

Cas. Curs'd be the Tongue, that utters such a
Thought;

Is there the Wretch can wish *Amelia* dead?
And art thou she?

Leave this unnatural Sister, *Casimir*,
And seek thy Love, thy dear *Amelia*.

Aug. [*Aside.*] Unhappy Man! I cannot unde-
ceive him,

Left that upon so shocking a Relation,
Some direful Resolution should ensue.

[Exit
Cas]

Caf. *My Charmer's very Name
Does all my Soul inflame,
And fills my Heart with Joy :
May both our Troubles cease,
And everlasting Peace
Our future Time employ.* [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in Osmyn's Pavilion.

Rodulpho alone.

The happy Time will soon approach,
In which *Augusta's* Jealousy shall have
A most agreeable Determination ;
For when she knows, that this our quiet Departure
Was to effect dear *Casimir's* Redemption,
Her Love, now smother'd by unjust Suspicions,
Will reassume a greater Blaze.

Enter Amelia in a Fright.

Amel. Save me, *Rodulpho* !

Osmyn no longer will admit Denial,
I must, or die, or yield to his Embraces.

Rod. Amuse him with Pretences of Compliance,
Then when alone, unguarded and dissolved,
He's wholly in your Power. This to his Heart.

[Offers her a Dagger.

Amel.

Amel. What would you have me murder him,
Rodulpho?

Rod. Call not that Murder, Princess, which is
Justice.

Amel. I will not purchase Liberty so dear,
Sooner I'll kill myself.

Rod. I then suppose, you love this vile Barba-
rian.

Amel. 'Tis false, I hate him to the last degree,
But yet, I'll not imbrue my Hands in Blood,
And base Assassination.

Rod. If you're afraid to prosecute th' Attempt,
I'll pierce him with the fatal Instrument.

Amel. *Rodulpho*, be not rash in your Proposals;
Who knows, but some bless'd Turn,
When least expected,
May profer Liberty on easier Terms?

*Let not Mortals tempt their Fate;
But for Heaven's Decision wait,
And by Resignation show
What to Providence they owe.*

*That just Power, which weighs the Crime,
Points the Punishment and Time,
Sure, tho' late will interpose,
And save the injur'd from their Foes.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Casimir alone in an Apartment.

Cas. She's false, insufferably false!

Then farewell Truth and Virtue ;

Osmyn, restore me to my Chains again ;

For my *Amelia*'s Usage far exceeds

All the Barbarity you could invent.

[Goes to kill himself.]

Enter Augusta.

Aug. Why, *Casimir*, with sacrilegious Hands
Dost thou attempt what late thou didst condemn ?

Cas. O my dear Sister, Sharer of my Grief!
Can you forgive those passionate Expressions,
Which lately came from my unwary Tongue ?

Aug. It was the height of Love for lost *Amelia*,
Which caus'd the inconsiderate Resentment.

Cas. But now — I find your Wish was just,
The causeless Passion makes me more uneasy.

Aug. No more, my dearest Brother !
But let us now revenge the gross Offence.

Cas. *Augusta*, your Advice I shall accept,
And put it in immediate Execution.

*Just Heav'ns in my Resentments join,
The Cause is yours as well as mine ;*

And

*And Vengeance, doubtless, is our due :
 O let me, while I thus complain,
 See both the Adulterers once again,
 To vindicate myself and you.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Amelia and Rodulpho.

Amel. Rodulpho, you have shewn a Friendship,
 Which will admit of no Comparifon.
 O blefs'd, tho' mean Difguife ! in which array'd
 We have escap'd without Difcovery.

[*Martial Mufick at a Distance.*]

Rod. Madam, we're paff the Extremity of
 Danger ;
 Behold a Party of *Hungarian Horfe*
 This way advancing.

Amel. *Cafimir's* own Troop conducted by him-
 felf,
 Support me Heaven in this Excefs of Joy !

Rod. Now, now, *Amelia*, all our paff Afflic-
 tions
 Have here an ample Recompense.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Officer.

Officer. I feize you Prisoners to Prince *Casimir*.

Amel. Stand off, officious Slave;

I am his Wife.

Officer. We know it, Madam, 'tis our Lord's
Command,

To bring you both to close Confinement.

[*Amel. to Rod. aside.*] Since he is so rash,

Let us resolve him nothing ;

But still let this unjust Suspicion plague him,

Till a fit Time to prove our Innocence.

Enter Casimir.

Cas. [*Disguis'd.*] O vile lascivious Pair !

Rod. O *Casimir* !

Cas. You have framed, no doubt,

Some well concerted Story ;

But I'm deaf to every thing but Vengeance,

Take from my Presence such detested Objects.

Ab Traitors, wicked and impure !

How can I possibly endure

To see that odious Face ?

Oh that my Heart had not been set

On one who could her Truth forget,

To suffer such Disgrace.

[*Exeunt.*

E

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

An Apartment in Osmyn's Pavilion.

Osmyn alone.

It's certain she is fled, but who could think,
That in such beautiful Perfection,
Ingratitude could be conceal'd;
'Twas for her sake I condescended
To grant the Christian Life and Liberty:
So much her Charms have ravish'd all my Soul,
That with the fair delusive Creature
Are all my Hopes of Comfort fled:
Now all my Conquests are insipid,
The World and all its rich Possessions
Cannot redress the Anguish I conceive,
By this one Woman's Imposition.

*All my Glories I resign,
For a Life that's Divine;
In a lonely desert Cell,
I'll in sweet Retirement dwell;
Unmolested I intend
All my future Years to spend:
Now adieu ye worldly Joys,
Short-lived Splendor, Courts and Noise;
There I only hope to find
Solitude, and Peace of Mind.* [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

*A Prison.**Rodulpho alone.*

Rod. To what a hazardous Presumption,
Amelia carries her Repentment :
 But there's no reason I should venture Life
 Upon the Caprice of a Woman.
 This Letter shall to *Casimir* unfold
 The whole of our proceeding.

S C E N E IX.

*A great Hall.**Amelia going to Execution.**After a dead March, Enter Augusta.*

Aug. Now Traitors ! take the just Reward,
 Your heinous Crimes demand ;
 Nor shall *Rodulpho* long survive you.

Amel. O let me see my Husband ere I die.*Aug.* It is in vain to pray for Mercy now.*Amel.* What has my Obstinacy brought upon
 me !I have murdered both *Rodulpho* and myself,

Aug. Why is her Death delay'd ?
 Dispatch her instantly.

Amel. Since I must die, I must submit.
 But let *Rodulpho's* Life be spar'd,
 And tell my *Casimir* we are the Persons,
 Who sav'd him from the barb'rous Cruelty,
 Which the Grand Visier threaten'd on him :
 Tell him, I die his chaste and loving Wife,
 And that *Rodulpho* is his faithful Friend,
 More he will know, perhaps, when it's too late.

*Amelia wishes when she dies
 Her dearest Lord may close her Eyes,
 And Heaven may open his :
 Then will he wish, but all in vain,
 To have her render'd back again,
 From Realms of endless Bliss.*

Enter Casimir snatching the Headman's Sword.

Rodulpho follows.

Cas. O live *Amelia* ! live, thou best of Wives !
Rodulpho ! live, thou most sincere of Friends !
 Embrace him, Sister !
 Who, with my dear *Amelia*,
 Effected my Deliverance from Death.
 Bless'd be the Day that I was taken Captive,
 For otherwise I should have never known,
 That I had such a Wife and such a Friend :
 Unkind *Amelia*, not to undeceive me !
 How could you persevere to such Extremity ?

Amel. Unkinder you, that could be so suspicious.
Cas.

Caf. No more reproaches,
But let one general rejoicing
Run through our Hearts on this Occasion.

Caf. } *Let me press thee, O my Charmer,*

Amel. } *To a Heart that's only thine;*
Never Passion sure was warmer,
Never more did Souls combine.


Casimir to Rodulpho and Amelia.

A double Nuptial shall resplend the Day,
For to reward the Friendship of *Rodulpho*,
I give *Augusta* to his longing Arms.
And as we've all been equally concerned
In a Variety of great Misfortunes,
So let us now unanimously share
This unexpected Interval of Mirth.
O my *Amelia*, Pattern to thy Sex!
This Act of thine convey'd to latest Ages,
With Honour and Applause
Shall spread thy Fame,
And Thousands, yet unborn, revere thy Name.

C H O R U S.

When Dangers Innocence invade,
Just Heav'n vouchsafes a timely Aid;
And makes with brighter Lustre shine
Virtues conceal'd in Souls divine.

F I N I S.



BOOKS Printed for J. WATTS, and Sold by the Bookfellers both of Town and Country.

A very curious Edition in QUARTO, of

The BEGGAR's OPERA. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. GAY. ----- *Nos hac novimus esse nihil.* Mart. With the OUVERTURE in SCORE, the SONGS and the BASSES, (the OUVERTURE and BASSES Compos'd by Dr. PEPUSH) Curiously Engrav'd on COPPER PLATES.

In OCTAVO.

Lately Publish'd, Curiously Printed in SIX POCKET VOLUMES:

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY: Being a Collection of CHOICE SONGS and LYRICK POEMS. Set to MUSICK by the most eminent MASTERS, (With the BASSES to each Tune, and Transpos'd for the FLUTE) viz.

Mr. Attilio.	Mr. Geminiani.	Mr. D. Purcell.
Mr. Barret.	Mr. Gough.	M. H. Purcell.
Mr. Betts.	Mr. Grano.	Mr. Ramondon.
Mr. Bononcini.	Mr. Graves.	Mr. Ravenscraft.
Mr. Bradley.	Dr. Green.	Mr. David Rizzio.
Mr. Brailsford.	Mr. Handel.	Mr. Seedo.
Mr. Burgefs.	Mr. Haym.	Mr. J. Sheeles.
Mr. Carey.	Mr. Holmes.	Mr. Trevers.
Mr. Charke.	Mr. Holcomb.	Mr. Vincent.
Mr. Cole.	Mr. Leveridge.	Mr. Webber.
Dr. Croft.	Mr. Monro.	Mr. Weldon.
Mr. Dieupart.	Dr. Pepusch.	Mr. Whichello.
Mr. Flemming.	Mr. Potter.	Mr. Anth. Young.
Mr. Galliard.		

Fifty One NEW FABLES in Verse, (Invented for the Amusement of His Highness WILLIAM Duke of Cumberland) By Mr. GAY: With Fifty One Cutts, Design'd by Mr. Kent and Mr. Wotton, and Engraved by Mr. Baron, Mr. Vandergucht, and Mr. Fourdrinier. The Third Edition.

TRAGEDIES.

PERIANDER, King of Corinth: A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. JOHN TRACY. To which is prefix'd, The HISTORY of PERIANDER: Extracted from the most Authentick Greek and Latin Historians, and the Chevalier Ramsay's CYRUS. Address'd to the Readers and Spectators of the Tragedy of PERIANDER.

TIMOLEON. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Benjamin Martyn. The Second Edition.

The

THE **FATAL EXTRAVAGANCE**. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. Mitchell. The Fourth Edition Corrected.

DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or, **The DISTREST LOVERS**. A Play, as it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Written Originally by Mr. W. Shakespeare; and now Revised and Adapted to the Stage by Mr. Theobald, the Author of *Shakespeare Restor'd*.

The VIRGIN QUEEN. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. Richard Barford.

The FATE of VILLANY. A Play. As it is Acted by the Company of Comedians at the Theatre in Goodman's-Fields.

The TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES; or **The Life and Death of TOM THUMB the GREAT**. As it is Acted at the Theatre in the Hay-Market. With the Annotations of H. Scriblerus Secundus.

COMEDIES.

The MODERN HUSBAND. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by Henry Fielding, Esq;

The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or, a **JOURNEY to LONDON**, A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by the late Sir John Vanbrugh, and Mr. Cibber. The Second Edition.

The LOTTERY. A **FARCE**, As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by his Majesty's Servants, With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The MODISH COUPLE. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by CHARLES BODENS, Esq;

The LOVER. A **COMEDY**. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane; By His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER, Comedian.

The COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN; or, the **JUSTICE** caught in his own **TRAP**. As it is Acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. Fielding.

The HUMOURS of OXFORD. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by a Gentleman of Wadham-College.

The TEMPLE BEAU. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre in Goodman's-Fields. Written by Mr. Fielding.

The DISSEMBLED WANTON; or, **My SON get MONEY**. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Written by Mr. Welfed.

LOVE in SEVERAL MASQUES. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Fielding.

The AUTHOR's FARCE; and **The PLEASURES of the TOWN**. As Acted at the Theatre in the Hay-Market.

The WIDOW BEWITCH'D. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre in Goodman's-Fields.

The LETTER-WRITERS; or, **A New Way to keep a Wife at Home**. A Farce. As it is Acted at the Theatre in the Hay-Market. Written by Scriblerus Secundus.

The **BEGGAR's OPERA**. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Written by Mr. Gay. The Second Edition: To which is Added the Overture in Score; With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **TUNES** to the **SONGS** in the **BEGGAR's OPERA** Transpos'd for the **FLUTE**. Conraining Sixty Nine Airs.

The **DEVIL to PAY**; or, The **WIVES METAMORPHOS'D**. An **OPERA**. As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. By His Majesty's Servants. Written by the Author of the Beggar's Wedding. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **HIGHLAND-FAIR**; or **UNION** of the **CLANS**. An **OPERA**. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. MITCHELL. With the **MUSICK**, (which wholly consists of Scots **TUNES**) Prefix'd to each Song.

The **JOVIAL CREW**. A Comic Opera. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by his Majesty's Servants.

SILVIA; or, the **COUNTRY BURIAL**. An Opera. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song. Written by Mr. LILLO, Author of the Tragedy of **GEORGE BARNWELL**.

LOVE in a **RIDDLE**. A **PASTORAL**. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Cibber. With the Musick to each Song.

The **VILLAGE OPERA**. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Johnson. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **LOVER's OPERA**. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. Written by Mr. Chetwood. The Third Edition, with Alterations: And the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

MOMUS turn'd **FABULIST**: Or, **VULCAN's WEDDING**. An Opera: After the Manner of the Beggar's Opera. As it is perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **FASHIONABLE LADY**; or **HARLEQUIN's OPERA**. In the Manner of a **REHEARSAL**. As it is Perform'd at the Theatre in Goodman's-Fields. Written by Mr. Ralph. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

PATIE and **PEGGY**: Or, the **FAIR FOUNDLING**. A *Scotch* Ballad Opera. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

DAMON and **PHILLIDA**: A Ballad Opera of One Act. As it is Performed at the Theatre in Drury-Lane. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **CHAMBER-MAID**. A **BALLAD OPERA** of One Act. As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **QUAKER's OPERA**. As perform'd at Lee's and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth in Bartholomew-Fair. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

ROBIN HOOD. An **OPERA**. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.

The **GENEROUS FREE-MASON**: or, the **CONSTANT LADY**. With the Humours of Squire Noodle, and his Man Doodle. A Tragi-Comi-Farcical Ballad Opera. In Three Acts. With the Musick prefix'd to each Song.



